

T H E

Lass at the Brow of the Hill.

Tune—*Who has e'er been at Baldock, &c.*

AT the brow of a hill a fair Shepherdess dwelt,
 Who the pangs of ambition, or love, ne'er had felt ;
 And this sober maxim still ran in her head,
 " 'Twas better to earn, e'er she eat, her brown bread."

Young Colin, that liv'd in the valley below,
 Who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau,
 Would oftentimes try o'er her heart to prevail,
 And would rest on his pitchfork to tell her his tale.

With his winning address he so wrought on her heart,
 That, quite artless herself, she suspected no art ;
 Then flatter'd, protested---he kneel'd, and implor'd ;
 And would lie with the grandeur and air of a lord.

Her eyes he commended, with language well drest,
 And enlarg'd on the tortures he felt in his breast ;
 With his sighs and his tears he so soften'd her mind,
 That, in downright compassion, to love she inclin'd.

But, soon as he melted the ice in her breast,
 The heat of his flame in a moment decreas'd ;
 And now he goes flaunting all over the vale,
 And boasts of his conquest to Susan and Nell.

Though he sees her but seldom, he's always in haste,
 And whenever he mentions her, makes her his jest ;
 Then take heed, ye young maidens of Britain's fair isle,
 How ye venture your hearts for a look and a smile.

Young Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
 And you'll find a false Colin in every vale,
 Who to court you and tempt you will shew all their skill ;
 But remember the Lass at the Brow of the Hill.

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